both ends as hers, like some murderer's
knife ? No, my passion is for war, —
it is neither for greed nor for cruelty ;
its fire is like love's fire, that knows
no restraint, that counts no cost, that
burns itself, and all that it touches,
either into a flame, or to ashes.

(Enters ATTENDANT.)

Attendant

The Brahmin, Devadatta, has
awaiting your pleasure.

King

Devadatta has come ? Bring him
in, — *No,* no, stop. Let me think, — I
know him. He has come to turn me
back from the battle-field. Brahmin,
you undermined the river banks, and
now, when the water overflows, you
piously pray that it may irrigate your
fields, and then tamely go back. Will